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US and European Christian Parties

AVOWEDLY Christian parties have confirmed their preeminent positions in the politics of all Europe west of the Russian line of domination. On the Moscow side of that line too, Christian political parties hold a mass support which must prove disconcertingly educational to leaders of the Russian State Party.

These parties which have taken the lead in the West are not united in an international, and they differ very much from country to country and from region to region within countries. They are *political* parties and vary greatly in their histories and social and economic backgrounds and in important current tendencies. An aristocratic Bavarian with the blue Wittelsbach flag over his mantelpiece, who is now a pillar of the revived Christian party just as before Hitler he was a leading supporter of the Bavarian People's Party, might have almost as much trouble talking with a Catholic Westphalian labor union leader who works for the Christian Democrats as an American Southern-gentry Democrat would have with a CIO New Deal Northerner. A highly educated Parisian of the MRP and a Slovakian Catholic peasant who voted Democratic would share very few monolithic concepts of practical politics.

Still, it would be foolish indeed not to recognize the similarity of political pattern in nearly all the European countries where the proclaimedly Christian parties secure the greatest vote, and it is shortsighted not to try to react to the fact intelligently. So far it appears that the government of the United States is trying hard to overlook the whole situation and to react to it not at all.

It is not pleasant or easy for a country or for the world to have citizens voting in accordance with such fundamental cleavages as those between Communist, Socialist, Christian. How much pleasanter if we could all assume everywhere a commonly held basic belief in the same kind of religious philosophy and morality and in the same fundamentals of law and economics and political theory! Then the vote could safely be fairly frivolous and life would go on basically much the same no matter what office-holders controlled the State. Americans are loath to recognize that over much of Europe, parties are in large degree ideological parties.

Of the three principal political groups in Western Europe, the Social Democrats give evidence of being the weakest from the viewpoint of consolidating support for their outlook. The parties based on a conscious Christian foundation are largest.

Catholics in England and America are annoyed that American and British actions in Europe, particularly in Germany, indicate a hot house nursing of Social Democrats and a cold shouldering of the Christian parties. The snubbing of the latter, indeed, is so rough and crude that the beneficiaries are frequently not the European Social Democrats at all, but rather the communists attached to the Russian State Party. And even though the Social Democrats should obtain some temporary real strengthening from Anglo-American backing, there still remains the fact that they have not displayed in Europe since well before the war a vitality of mind or spirit or practical action which warrants confidence in their future. Furthermore, the rapprochement between great numbers of socialists who are no longer believers in the Marxist, materialist false faith, and believing Christians ought not be hampered but rather vigorously encouraged by the Western Occupying Powers. Slapping down one in the effort to build up synthetically the Social Democrats is a bad way to bring them together.

We know that all the men and women in Europe called socialists are not deliberate desecrators of the Christian religion and morality nor outriders for a tyrannous atheistic communism, and we know that among those attached to Christian parties are some far more conservative than Americans want to favor—as well as many far more radical. Americans cannot force

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an inner will upon Europeans and cannot impose free choices on them. We can, however, edit our own favors more impartially, and, after setting standards which we have an obligation to enforce as victors in possession of the power and authority, we can offer Europeans a fairer field for their own work. We must recognize friends by their will and actions and loyalty to objective codes, and not accept a verbal and doctrinaire exclusiveness which some unrepresentative domestic Marxist types push upon us with most inadequate comprehension of good politics, good philosophy and good faith.

Where Monopoly is Essential

THE Lilienthal report referred to by Mr. Culbertson in his article printed further on meets its acid test at the sessions of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, which opened June 14. One of the most hopeful aspects of this conference is the fact that scientists representing several nations have brought suggestions of their own for a system of international control which would protect the peoples of the world from the atomic bomb and at the same time also assure them of the incalculable material benefits of harnessed atomic energy.

The basic assumption of the report is that the fissionable material that went into the bombs which withered Hiroshima and Nagasaki can be combined with inert substances in such a way as to become susceptible of the slow chain reaction required for the productive release of atomic energy. It is also assumed that the reconversion of this "diluted" plutonium into fast chain reaction atom bomb material would require such vast facilities that international inspectors could easily recognize them.

The plan is to grant to an international commission a monopoly over all uranium and thorium mines and plants such as those at Hanford and Oak Ridge, plus a near-monopoly on the production of radium, vanadium and commercial uranium. Plants for atomic energy production would be established by the commission in a number of countries in various parts of the world. They could and would make a certain number of atomic bombs as a defense against any one nation's seizing the commission's facilities within its own or adjacent territories. But their principal activity would be to manufacture and distribute to nations and private agents usable atomic heat, power and diluted plutonium. International inspectors would then have the positive rôle of building up and operating these facilities in many parts of the world; their watchfulness to prevent national efforts of a similar sort would be an integral part of their positive activity.

UN statesmen and scientists may arrive at various refinements and improvements of this sketchily-outlined plan. The point is that this is the first opportunity for the UN to attack head-on the problem of general security. If it meets the challenge peace will be secured. Otherwise the UN will definitely become hardly more than an irritating international debating society with some good non-political by-products.

Grenadiers and Aigrets

"INSPIRED by the high principles of international collaboration and comprehension," the governments of the USSR and of the Argentine Republic have reestablished complete diplomatic relations.

In Europe the high principle of collaboration has sent a lot of people to jail but of course that is not the kind of collaboration the Argentinians and the Russians are talking about; *Izvestia* has discovered that "Argentina has possibilities of conducting animated (*Izvestia* appears to be writing in French) trade relations—she needs autos, tractors and farm machinery, so naturally this opens broad prospects for trade with the Soviet Union—a highly industrialized country." As anyone in Detroit would say, naturally enough—trade indeed is a fine thing; perhaps one day the Russians will discover the possibility for "animated" trade relations in olive oil with Franco Spain; perhaps one day they will find "possibilities," help to make it possible for people everywhere to make things, grow food and send this food and these things wherever other people desire them. Free trade uninfluenced by politics seems to us a pleasant ideal. It is pleasant that the Russian government should be willing to trade with General Perón's country without insisting that the General first, like Tito, become a Marshal. It will be advisable for our own government to encourage trade with the Argentine without asking the General to look like General Washington.

On the day of his inauguration the General did what he could in this direction. At least he went back to the period, with a pomp, however, unavailable to General Washington. "Grenadiers . . . red pompom-topped shakos with gold chin straps, red and gold epaulets and white crossbelts on blue tunics, with red striped trousers lined the walls of the magnificent state room. Crowded under a huge chandelier . . . was a brilliant assemblage of diplomats and military representatives from all parts of the world. British scarlet blended with the robes of two Cardinals. . . . Women present wore hats topped with pink, green and white aigrets, seldom seen elsewhere these days. General Farrell, like President Perón, wore a dark blue uniform dripping with gold and with a broad blue and white

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sash across his chest. The transfer of authority took only three minutes, General Farrell handing to President Perón a mace resembling a marshal's baton . . . 'I wish you personal success and success for your new administration,' General Farrell said with tears streaming down his face." (This vivid account is from the New York *Times*.)

It must have been the second of the "high principles" mentioned in the communique as inspiring the renewal of diplomatic relations between the two countries, that of "international comprehension," which permitted the Russian government to appreciate this colorful scene.

Reading about President Perón's inauguration, it was the picture of the grenadiers which held us fascinated and approving. We hope that everyone will leave them as they are, lining the palace stairways, leading Argentine parades, celebrating the historical glories of Argentina. We hope that some other "high principle," that of international peace for instance, will prevent the Russian or American governments from selling to the grenadiers tanks, rockets and planes—in the interests of trade, in the interests of war.

Economic Colic

AS A NATION with more food to eat, per capita, than ever before in our history, we seem to be having a very bad case of stomach ache, and to the ordinary housewife the stomach ache is not caused by over-eating. It is perhaps entirely natural that our situation should constitute a paradox, for we are in effect changing over from an economy almost totally planned and geared to the purpose of winning a war to an economy in which—most Americans hope—there will be a minimum of planning, a maximum of production, and—blessed phrase—free enterprise. Such a shift, which we made in reverse and with far less pain five years ago, because we were under the compulsion of a single and unifying purpose, leaves honest men puzzled as to the future and especially as to the course our public policy should pursue in order to build the most desirable future. What should we do about government stabilization programs, about strikes, about lending money to other countries?

To none of these questions is there any "right" answer. In every case the answer we give must be an answer, as it were, on balance, an answer resulting from weighing good against bad and picking the decision that seems to have a slight edge to the good. Especially is this true when we come to governmental measures and policies with regard to inflation. Economic control from on top is by definition incompatible with free enterprise. That is an obvious statement, and yet millions of us rack our brains to eat our cakes and have them too. Americans as purchasers definitely want price control continued; Americans as producers and sellers want them lifted. And so Congress, thus far, seems likely to continue the OPA (thereby getting credit with the purchasers) but in such emasculated form that it might just as well not be continued (thereby getting credit with the vendors).

We already have a lot of inflation—a lot more inflation than the official statistics indicate. It is downright absurd when either OPA or the Bureau of Labor Statistics tells us that the price of living is only up 32 or 33 percent. Not that the officials preparing these charts are deliberately dishonest, but merely that the dodges which have been used to evade price control likewise invalidate standard statistical practices. Let us say that the ceiling price on a cake of ordinary soap is five cents. But there is no ordinary soap to be bought. There is only some special item, prettily packaged and labeled "Delicious Moonshine," which either has no ceiling because it is a luxury or has a ceiling price of fifty cents. The statistician is forced to stick to his method and tell us that the price of soap has not advanced, but the buyer has to pay fifty cents instead of five for the wherewithal to make himself clean. So we already have a lot of inflation, and no matter what Congress does, we are bound to have more. The only question at issue is what the government can do to put a checkrein on it without at the same time making things worse by slowing the horse's pace.

Certainly effective price control in some fields is not only possible but essential. Preferably it should be limited to a few basic things, and things of what might be loosely called an unexpandable nature, like housing, bread, sugar, canned goods. But has not price control—and specifically the OPA and Chester Bowles—been made into a false center for the whole argument? The Treasury's low interest policy, the continuance of deficit financing, even the granting of foreign loans are all inflationary influences of a potency fully as great as would be the abolition of price ceilings. This is not to argue that we should at once shift our position in all these fields, but it is to argue that we should consider our government's position in these fields, and that the government itself should do likewise, rather than focus all our attention on the Office of Price Administration—making it into a hero or a villain, according to whether at the moment we are buying or selling. It is neither. It is an administrative agency which can perform a useful service, but which can never be wholly effective and which was largely hamstrung when it lost its rationing function. It is important for the welfare of all of us that it continue to exist after June 30, and continue in a strengthened, not a weakened form; yet we may all rejoice at the thought of the day of its demise.

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Minutes on Our Destiny, II

The "quota force plan": a key to world security

Ely Culbertson

IN LAST WEEK'S article I gave in dialogue form a summary of the minutes of a private meeting which I recently held with the members of a midwestern university faculty, where we discussed the causes of aggressive war and the yardsticks to measure the events of today. Soon after that I went to Washington, where I met with a small group for a frank and off-the-record discussion of a specific plan for American foreign policy which I proposed in my recently published book, "Must We Fight Russia?" In this second and final article I will try to give, also in dialogue form, the "minutes" of this Washington meeting. The names of the participants are, of course, fictitious.

I. It is tragically clear that the United Nations Charter as written today has failed to provide an effective substitute for the grim and immemorial tyranny of power politics. Instead of a world authority representing the immense organized might of peaceful nations, we have an impotent, timid and hypocritical UN, serving as a screen for the power politicians.

The question before us is: Can we transform the United Nations into an effective world authority now, before the atomic armament race gathers momentum, before the United States loses her present moral leadership and tremendous physical superiority?

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG (one of the principal consultants of the State Department). I don't know what you mean by your "world authority." Are you not aware that we already *have* a world authority? It is the United Nations organization.

MR. ASH (a world government man, a simon-pure federalist who wants to enlarge the American Constitution into a constitution for a United States of the world). What you have in the United Nations, Professor Clarkberg, is not a world authority based on law, but a league of sovereign states based on power politics.

MRS. DEAN. Where each big state is a law unto itself.

MR. ASH. Exactly. The United Nations is an assembly of ambassadorial puppets.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. There is one fact about the UN which is bigger than all your words. It exists. It functions as a world center. Imperfect as it is, it is a first step forward. As Mr. Stassen said, it is a beachhead won in the battle for peace.

SENATOR GREW (a Republican). Mr. Stassen is the white bubble of the Republican party.

MR. ASH. The UN is not a step forward. It is a step backward, repeating the fatal defects of the League of Nations and all the leagues before that. As with our Articles of Confederation, we must throw the UN Charter out entirely. We must call a convention of peoples and build a real world government.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. The United Nations possesses all the elements of a world authority. It has a Charter, or constitution. It has a Security Council, an International Court of Justice, a General Assembly of nations, an Economic and Social Council, an Atomic Energy Commission, and an international police force. What more do you want?

I. It has indeed all the trappings and paraphernalia of a world authority. But not one of the august bodies you mentioned has as much power as a village board of aldermen. The Security Council is hopelessly paralyzed by the veto right of any of the big five governments. The grandiloquent Assembly of fifty-one nations is an assembly of mice, presided over by a few cats.

GENERAL FIRESTONE (recently retired). And the cats are already fighting like hell.

I. You must admit, Professor Clarkberg, that in the UN you have a system of collective security which is neither collective nor secure.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. Naturally the UN is far from being perfect. But give us time. Rome wasn't built in a day.

MR. ASH. But today we *have* no time!

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. Let's be realistic. Thousands of experts in every country worked on the United Nations Charter. It represents the very best that we could get at this time. To rock the boat now means risking the whole United Nations organization.

MRS. DEAN. Perish the world, but the Charter must remain inviolate!

I. The first League of Nations had twenty years in which to improve. Instead, it grew sicker and sicker until it died of its own organic defects.

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That is what will happen to the UN unless we reform it basically, and now.

GENERAL FIRESTONE. Just what is so basically wrong about a league? The veto power? Remember that the veto power offers the same advantages to us as it does to Russia. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!

I. With this enormous difference, General: Time is on the side of the rising Communist giant-state, and against the United States. Supposing Russia uses the veto to keep the world divided and disorganized for the next five or ten years while she is getting stronger? That will be fine for the Russian gander; but it could easily mean that the American goose is cooked.

MR. ASH. Exactly. The only solution is a federal world government with full sovereign powers—a United States of the peoples, by the peoples, and for the peoples of the world!

I. Not so fast. I would be just as strongly opposed to a world state with the powers of our federal government as to the present sterile UN. You want a world state with the vast powers of our own federal government — power to make tariffs, regulate immigration and maintain world federal armed forces. According to your plan the United States, with only a militia, would be virtually disarmed, helpless against any clique of commanders in control of the world federal army —which, remember, would be composed in overwhelming majority of citizens of foreign nations. We must have the kind of world government that is tyranny-proof.

MR. ASH. I would have no serious objection to limiting the powers of the world government, to start with, along the lines suggested by Mr. Culbertson. But what all we federalists insist on is a government of the *peoples* of the world, not an association of sovereign states.

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I. Any federal government is an association of sovereign states. The question is, which sovereign rights are retained by the states and which are delegated to the federal government? And as for your government of the peoples of the world, just how are you going to elect such a government?

SENATOR GREW. Just imagine a world house of representatives elected by the peoples of Asia, Europe and Africa, with our measly 140 million in a perpetual minority. Why, we would be handing over the United States and the whole of the western hemisphere to the tender mercies of foreign politicians. That's a pipe-dream!

MR. ASH. You forget, gentlemen, that we could have a world legislature elected on the basis of weighted representation.

SENATOR GREW. No matter how you weight it, it will still be federalist baloney. If you weight your world government in such a manner that the United States has permanent control—and I insist on the word permanent—then the rest of the world will oppose it. And if you weight it in favor of the foreign nations, then we could never accept it.

MR. ASH. Let's not bother about details. It's either a world government or world destruction.

MRS. DEAN. You are deadlocked. I have heard the same arguments between the defenders of the United Nations *status quo* and the supporters of a world government, all over the country. I am a member of the Women's Action Committee, and they defend the United Nations. The world government people call us stooges of the Carnegie Endowment for International war. . . . I mean, Peace. I am also a member of Americans United. Although the only thing on which they are united is on the title "world government," they vigorously attack the United Nations as reactionary. Where do we go from here?

I. The sad fact is that both Professor Clarkberg and Mr. Ash have gotten hold of a half-truth and cling to it stubbornly as the "only solution." An international organization, to be of practical value, must fulfil a double requirement. It must be acceptable and effective. If we had only the choice between an ineffective United Nations and an unacceptable world government, then indeed there would be no hope of preventing the Third World War. Fortunately, there is a third alternative.

SENATOR GREW. I am a skeptic. If you can produce a really new third type of international organization you will produce a miracle.

I. I don't know about the miracle, and I could not have produced this plan without the help of some of the best minds I know. It is called the Quota Force Plan, and it consists of three basic amendments, or reforms of the UN.

MR. ASH. Of the United Nations? But you were one of the most relentless critics of the Charter at San Francisco.

I. I still am, as it was then constituted. But the Charter is here, and the Americans are committed to it. Besides, it has many features worthy of preservation. Why not keep what is useful and replace what is not? Time is short.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. That is not so simple. As you know, any major power has the right to veto any amendment. Suppose Russia, for instance, should refuse?

I. The amendments are just as advantageous and fair to Russia as to the United States. And I see no reason why Russia should veto them. If, however, Russia should veto them, then we must go ahead without Russia and organize the rest of the world. The UN Charter expressly permits regional arrangements for collective security.

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SENATOR GREW. Well, let's hear your amendments.

I. The first amendment is to make the UN an effective world authority, able to act by majority vote—*no* veto—within the scope of two delegated powers: to prevent aggressive war and preparation for aggressive war.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. But if you remove the veto power the small nations in the Security Council could out-vote the five major states. They would never agree to that.

I. The Security Council must be reorganized to consist of ten members—two each from the United States, Britain and Russia, one each from France and China, and two selected *collectively* by the remaining member-states.

MR. ASH. Are these members to be elected or appointed?

I. As soon as possible, elected for a specified term.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. But you are proposing to reduce the representation of the smaller nations from six to two.

MRS. DEAN. . . . and increase their actual power from zero to equality with any major power.

MR. ASH. But, Mr. Culbertson, the essential principle of a true federal structure is the power of the world authority to act not against governments but against individuals. Hamilton in *The Federalist*. . . .

I. Parallel to the Security Council we propose to establish a World Court, similarly constituted, to interpret the amended UN Charter. The Court will have the power to proceed *both* against governments and individuals—as our federal government can proceed both against corporations and individuals.

SENATOR GREW. You spoke about two delegated powers.

I. The power to prevent preparation for aggressive war and the power to prevent aggressive war itself.

SENATOR GREW. Just what do you mean by preparation?

I. That is the second amendment. We must abolish atomic bombs and drastically limit all other scientific weapons. For any state to produce atomic bombs or exceed certain limits on scientific weapons would be preparation for aggression.

SENATOR GREW. That is a mighty sweeping statement. Just how do you propose to accomplish this?

I. First, we must establish an atomic authority, under the Security Council, for the rigid control and scheduled elimination of atomic weapons along the lines of the Lilienthal Report. We must also establish similar authorities to eliminate other, almost equally devastating means of mass destruction, such as bacteriological weapons. In the case of heavy armament—warplanes, warships, tanks, and so forth—they are limited as follows: the Security Council will have the right to fix yearly the total quantity of heavy armament to be produced in the world. Of this total, each of the five major powers will have an individual production quota of heavy armament, which it may not exceed. The remaining member-states will have a *collective* quota of heavy armament, to be produced in their territories by a non-profit Armament Trust managed by the Security Council. These quotas must be specified in the Charter, and the Security Council must have the responsibility of enforcing them.

GENERAL FIRESTONE. On what basis do you arrive at your quotas?

I. Each state should have sufficient armament for defense but not enough for aggression. I would suggest giving to the United States, Britain and Russia 20 percent each, to France and China 10 percent each, and to the remaining member-states collectively the other 20 percent. This would give Russia an immediate equality with the United States in production today; but it would also mean that in ten years Russia would not be out-producing us.

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PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. How do you propose to see that each state does not exceed its quota?

I. Of course the Security Council will have to maintain an adequate staff of inspectors all over the world to report any violations.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. And if a violation *is* reported, then what?

I. Then the government or individuals responsible are apprehended and tried by the World Court, and punished accordingly.

SENATOR GREW. Apprehended by whom? Suppose the state won't give them up? Who goes in and gets them?

I. That's where the third amendment comes in—the establishment of a separate, independent international police force under the direct orders of the Security Council.

GENERAL FIRESTONE. I am against that. The United States must retain its capacity to defend itself. An international police force might mean a world dictator.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. You have got yourself in the same contradiction as Mr. Ash.

SENATOR GREW. Well, the Security Council will always have two British, two Americans, one Frenchman, and two from the smaller nations. Even if one of them votes against us we will have a majority of six out of ten. Still I must admit, Mr. Culbertson, I don't like this idea of an international police force.

I. Your objections to an all-powerful international police force are well taken. But let us

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see what objections you can have to the *limited* international police force I propose. Its active force will be a Small-Nations Contingent, recruited from the smaller-member states exclusively, and stationed in internationalized bases all over the world. Temporarily it will also be stationed in Germany and Japan. It will be equipped with the 20 percent collective quota of heavy armament — its effective strength being thus automatically limited. And it will be used against any state or citizens found guilty by the World Court of armed aggression or illegal rearmament. Now the armed forces of the five major powers—which are under full control of their respective governments, but also limited in scientific weapons by their production quotas—these will be used as National Contingents, to act as reserves to the Small-Nations Contingent if needed. In this manner, the government of even the strongest major power, if it attempts to rearm beyond its quota or to attack another state, will find lined up against it not only the Small-Nations Contingent but the rest of the world—a ratio of five to one.

MR. ASH. Mr. Culbertson, you certainly have a strange conception of world government which you claim to favor. Why all these quota methods?

SENATOR GREW. I think I can answer that one. It is clear that Mr. Culbertson's principal preoccupation is with the problem of world government and national sovereignty. The basic problem is: how to create a world government, or world authority, strong enough to control aggressive war and yet make it impossible for such a world authority to jeopardize the freedom of individual states. On the solution of this problem depends the peace of the world. In the first amendment, Mr. Culbertson solves this problem by limiting the authority of the Security Council and the World Court to two delegated powers dealing specifically with rearmament for aggression and an international police force against aggressors. Even a rabid nationalist could not really object, because the United States and most other nations have already renounced war as an instrument of national policy. In addition, he establishes fair representation in his world authority by giving individual representation to the Big Five and collective representation to the smaller states. In the second amendment Mr. Culbertson solves this problem: how to give a world authority the control of armament for aggression and yet preserve the ability of individual states to arm for legitimate defense. In the third amendment Mr. Culbertson attacks the most important problem of all: how to give the world authority a powerful, independent police force and yet preserve the capacity of major powers to maintain adequate armed forces of their own for defense. This problem is solved by the Quota Force method of limiting armament production and by the Small-Nations Contingent. The fifty-odd smaller states, numbering nearly four hundred million people, who were heretofore impotent, now become a powerful permanent ally of the United States and every other peaceful major power. And yet the very structure of the Small-Nations Contingent makes it tyranny-proof in the hands of the world authority.

GENERAL FIRESTONE. Regardless of any other feature of Mr. Culbertson's plan, the idea of the Small-Nations Contingent looks good to me. The great majority of small nations are natural allies of the United States anyway. I also like the assurance that our own National Contingent will never be less than 20 percent of the effective world strength in time of peace. In this way Congress could not again disarm the country.

MRS. DEAN. This is the first concrete plan for world government that I've seen so far. What I particularly like about the Quota Force plan is that it achieves two ends. It saves your crumbling UN, Professor Clarkberg, by reforming it effectively. It also lays the foundation for a true world federation, Mr. Ash, for it embodies the three essential principles of federalism.

MR. ASH (still skeptical). And they are?

MRS. DEAN. A separate government, specific delegated powers, and an armed force to support these powers.

MR. ASH. How can you call it a world government, Mrs. Dean, when it has no congress elected by the peoples of the world?

I. The oldest federal union—the Swiss Confederation between the years 1303 and 1848—was an *association of sovereign states* (cantons) under a true federal government. It had no House of Representatives or Federal Congress of Peoples, and its delegated powers were limited to matters of foreign policy and defense against aggression. Each canton not only had its own form of government and different culture, but even its own tariffs and laws.

GENERAL FIRESTONE. What is the use of arguing about this, anyway? It is perfectly clear that Mr. Ash's or similar kinds of world government would have not the slightest chance of being freely accepted in our generation either by the United States or Russia.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. And how do you intend to get Russia to accept Mr. Culbertson's kind of world government?

I. There are those who say that the reason for Russia's militant expansion is the fear of aggression by the capitalist-democratic world. The Quota Force plan makes such aggression impossible, permitting Russia to continue her communist experiment within her own borders.

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There is no reason why Russia should not join. Then there are those who say that Russia favors the continued paralysis of the United Nations because it will gain time for Russia and leaves the door wide open for the future conquest of the societies of the world. In that event, the immediate adoption of the Quota Force plan for United Nations reform is even more indispensable. If the condition of Russia's participation is an ineffective international organization such as the present UN, then of what value is it in stopping the Third World War? If Russia continues her policy of delay and intransigence, then we must proceed immediately to reorganize the UN without Russia. There is no doubt that we could do it if we have the will and the intelligence to go ahead. Practically four-fifths of the world is with us today. Russia will then have two choices: she can remain hostilely isolated in the face of an organized world collective front, or, as I believe, she too will join and thereby become, together with the Anglo-Americans, a founder of the World Federation, where religion, education and science will complete the task.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. And if, while the United States is reforming the UN, Russia starts making real war in Europe or Asia?

I. I doubt strongly that the rulers of Soviet Russia would deliberately seek suicide. Today and for a short time ahead Russia is virtually impotent in spite of her mass armies. The best way to avoid fighting Russia now or later is to stop appeasing Russia.

PROFESSOR CLARKBERG. But, Mr. Culbertson, how do you intend to get *our* government to introduce these reforms when you yourself said that our politicians are psychologically trapped since the American people will not support any policy that may mean war with Russia?

I. The Quota Force plan is the way out of this psychological trap. The American people will not support any power politics or imperialistic war against Russia. They will support the indispensable reforms of the United Nations to stop the threat of atomic war, provided that these reforms are not designed against Russia but against any aggressor.

As a matter of fact, if either the Republican or the Democratic party adopts the Quota Force plan as the basis of their foreign policy, they will make their election certain. Forty-five percent of the voters always vote the Republican ticket, and forty-five percent always vote the Democratic ticket. It is the remaining ten percent of independents who usually determine the elections. The independents vote on issues, not on parties. And the most important issue to millions of Americans today is how to control the atomic threat and aggressors.

SENATOR GREW. I agree. But what worries me, Mr. Culbertson, is how you are going to educate and organize public opinion so as to bring sufficient pressure on our politicians of both parties to move along the line of your Quota Force plan.

I. In our democracy the vital issues of American foreign policy are determined by about 300,000 local and national leaders from all walks of life. The destiny of the world is not being determined in Washington, Moscow or London, but in Wichita and thousands of other small and large American communities. American democracy is an unstable equilibrium of pressure groups; each has a finger in the American destiny but no finger is permitted to become a totalitarian fist. The communists have shown us that a small, well-organized pressure group, united and cemented on the basis of a concrete plan, can often exercise a decisive influence. Our plan seeks to fulfil America's greatest mission—to put not only the warlords, but war itself into a straitjacket. If we can unite at least a hundred thousand Americans of leadership type on the basis of a concrete program for United Nations reform now, I believe that we can do what no other nation has ever done before: the United States can declare peace on the world, and win it.

Catharine Street

Ah, look and see there
the most fugitive of all the dimensions—*now;*
palpable and unwithdrawing, centered full
in a telling proscenium-arch of evening air.

Massed like stony tents of the tribes
the ghetto-roofs, the very walls erode
with the weight of monumental pause,
epically grooved lies the doorway shade in the fold of the
sleazy print.

Liquid and low, in the soft undersea
resignation of a rumba, beneath the trees
the darker and quicker faces flicker, and toss their glossy
words.

Crystal and crome cloudswing sheer up
the secure bright casements, condoned in beauty;
and farther, where eavesweeps smile, the citrous
China-music drips, the long cool upward
faces pass with the long cool secret thoughts.

Around like forever the river brims, and beneath
the dusk-dark bridges ships move slow as the world.

A peace comes into my pulses and I bate my breath,
thinking—the pattern is apparent; endure, bright latitude
of unbelated loves and perceptions;
stay, soft season, blossoming the climate of the heart.

MARY FOXWORTHY.

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Indian Cattle Bizzness

T. D. Lyons

IN JULY, 1908, when the Democratic National Convention at Denver was drawing to a close, my money began to run short. For the first time in my life I had seen a charge of one dollar for ham and eggs for breakfast. I still had my "tourist-car" return trip ticket on the Santa Fe via Kansas City. So I took my "telescope" (a cheap capacious traveling bag) and walked down to the Santa Fe Station.

When I got back to Tulsa we immediately plunged into a trial which did not involve very much money, but was bitterly contested. A good, regular client of ours, the Cherokee Stockyards Company, purchased beef cattle, slaughtered them in its Tulsa yards, and operated an embryo packing plant. The concern was a sort of offshoot of one of the banks of which Charlie Brown, the cowboy banker, was cashier, and Mr. Brown, as an old cattleman, was deeply interested.

Two fine, big Texas cattlemen with booming voices, who had run large herds on the Cherokee Strip until President Cleveland called on the military to prevent the grazing of Indian lands by stockmen, were operating a small ranch in the Osage. Two or three months previously, one of their cowhands had driven in about sixty head of beef cattle and sold them to the Cherokee Stockyards Company. One of the younger employees was in charge, and he was readily convinced by the cowhand's statement that Colonel Gault did not want to "fool with any checks," but wanted the money in cash. Accordingly he went to the bank and got about eleven hundred dollars in cash, the purchase price of the sixty head of good beef steers, and turned it over to this cowhand of whom no more was heard except that a friend of his said that he believed his address was somewhere in Chihuahua, Mexico.

Colonel Gault, the owner of the herd, immediately went to Judge James B. Diggs, then the leading lawyer of Tulsa, who had represented him when Perry, Oklahoma Territory, was a great cattle center. Judge Diggs immediately filed suit against the Cherokee Stockyards Company on the theory that the cowhand who received the money was not a properly accredited agent. Judge Diggs had become attorney for the Mellon interests and was compelled to be absent in Pittsburgh but his two very capable partners presented the case, and as the jury was largely made up of cattlemen and their sympathizers, things looked bad for us.

Charlie Brown, who still wore boots and spurs in the performance of his duties as bank cashier and rode eight miles morning and night to and from his ranch, was a fine bowlegged specimen of a cowpuncher who had graduated into a ranch owner. He was particularly worked up over this case since he felt that the negligence was entirely on the part of Colonel Gault, although the law seemed to favor the plaintiff's contention.

However, we finally got a break in the lawsuit. Colonel Woodley, who was Mr. Gault's silent partner, took the stand to testify in a general way as to the custom and manner of payment for a bunch of cattle brought in by an employee. During a lull in the proceedings, I heard Colonel Woodley say something to Mr. Gault, using the name Stribby. I asked Charlie Brown about Stribby and he said that was a mere nickname, that a cattleman who was also a great promoter, named Dirman, bragged so much about his grazing leases and his cattle in the Cherokee Strip that he was given the name of Cherokee Strip Dirman. The nickname was shortened finally to to Strip and then changed to Strippy and finally to Stribby. However, the mention of this name gave Charlie Brown an inspiration. He said, "Woodley knew Strippy; you might get a lead that would help us if you could ask him something about Strippy." On that hunch I asked Colonel Woodley, on cross-examination, if he knew whom this dishonest cowpuncher had worked for in the past. He said he did and I then asked him to name some of the outfits where this "puncher" had worked. "Well," he said, "he worked for Stribby, for one, just as a venture." I then asked what kind of an outfit Stribby's was. "Well," Colonel Woodley boomed in a voice that could be heard a block, "Stribby was the biggest thief in Oklahoma Territory,—that's the kind of an outfit it was."

I then went on to ask him why he didn't warn Colonel Gault against a former employee of Stribby's, and to the amazement of his attorneys and the deep interest of the jurors, he said, "I intended to warn him and rode over there one Sunday to do so, but he had gone off up to Coffeyville and that's the reason this accident happened."

We finished the case a little after midnight and the jury were excused to render their verdict the following day. On the following morning Colonel Marcum, the great criminal lawyer from Muskogee, was in our office chatting with his

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nephew, my law partner, Ben Rice. Charlie Brown had got into town on his saddle horse in good season and appeared at our office with two bottles of fine Kentucky Bourbon. This was not at all unacceptable to Colonel Marcum. Of course, the conversation immediately concerned the pending cause and speculation as to the verdict. Charlie Brown thought that the law was against us and that the plaintiff would recover a verdict, although he very vigorously stated his views of the injustice of such a result.

Gus Orcutt, an intermarried Creek citizen who had control of seven or eight fine allotments adjoining the city limits of Tulsa, had come into the office; as he and Charlie Brown had worked together as cowpunchers, they began some entertaining reminiscences. Gus told of the cowpuncher who had delirium tremens and who went to bed in a rooming house. His only preparations for bed consisted of removing his belt and pistol and laying them by his side. He slept fully dressed with his boots and hat on. He awakened suddenly and in the darkness saw a large black cat sitting on the foot of his bed, glaring at him with fiery eyes. He picked up his pistol and said aloud, "Cat, if you are a cat, you're in a hell of a fix," as he took good aim at the cat's head. Then he added, "Cat, if you're not a cat, I am in a hell of a fix."

Charlie, however, became restive and wanted news of the verdict. He accompanied me to the courthouse, although it was not yet 8:39 and we did not expect the jury to report until 9:00 o'clock. However, just as we walked into the courtroom, the jury filed in with a verdict for the defendant. Cashier Brown had difficulty in restraining his enthusiasm. He crowed like a rooster, then gobbled like a turkey, and shouted out, "Open the big gate, I am bringing them in alive"—this was an Indian Territory stock expression indicating jubilation. Gus Orcutt told us afterwards that gobbling like a turkey was a very dangerous thing for a man to do in the early days in the Creek Nation since it was the Creeks' signal of death defiance. Indeed one Creek Indian was acquitted of murder and his plea of self-defense was allowed when the testimony showed that his assailant had gobbled at him.

★

That afternoon Mr. Brown and Colonel Marcum again dropped in for a few minutes' chat. Mr. Brown expressed his renewed confidence in law, justice and court procedure, which had been badly shaken by the court's instructions in the cattle case. He also gave strict instructions to all of the employees of the Cherokee Stockyards Company to pay only by check made to the owner of the cattle. He recounted again with great glee the testimony of Colonel Woodley as to Stribby and very properly attributed our success in the lawsuit to this particular bit of testimony. Colonel Marcum remembered that long observation in the courts on his part bore out Ralph Waldo Emerson's statement that in a trial the whole event frequently turns on just a short statement. He thought it remarkable that a retired scholar should have had such practical knowledge of contested cases. We endeavored to get him to tell some tales of criminal trials before Judge Isaac Parker, the great hanging judge at Fort Smith, but we could not arouse his interest. He said finally, "The only Fort Smith case that comes to my memory at this time is a civil suit, a cattle case where I got a terrible beating and they had a Kansas Yankee as a lawyer for the other side. I sure thought I could win that case, with a few minutes' speech about old John Brown, the old Abolitionist maniac who murdered people in cold-blood and afterwards was practically deified up North. However, I got a bad beating, in complete surprise; I haven't forgotten it yet."

"Did any of you boys hear of the Ed Yoak case?" Gus Orcutt and Charlie Brown said that they had heard something about Ed Yoak having been assassinated by someone who stood outside his window and "filled him full of buckshot." The whole case was shrouded in mystery, and it was understood that there had been several killings, as they were called in Indian Territory, in reprisal, but it was never known for a certainty that the right man had been killed. Ed Yoak was a Texas cowpuncher who had become an intermarried Cherokee citizen and cowman although his means were slender. It was not long before he had thousands of head of cattle grazing on the rich grazing lands of the Cherokee Nation proper, which of course was a totally different area from the Cherokee Strip. It was whispered that the cattle really belonged to a big Texas cattleman named Houston Hancock, and the case of Hancock against Yoak at Fort Smith attracted a good deal of attention. No one but enrolled Cherokee citizens had a right to graze cattle on the lands of the Cherokee Nation. Yoak had sold a big bunch of cattle, and soon thereafter Hancock appeared claiming to be the owner of one-half of the herd as a secret partner and entitled to the proceeds. However, he was unable to prevail in the lawsuit at Fort Smith; Yoak retained the entire proceeds—whether rightfully or wrongfully was not of course fully known. Houston Hancock, however, was a man of substance, a highly respected figure among the Texas cattlemen; his friends had implicit confidence in his statement that he had furnished the cattle and that half of the herd was his property. His Texas friends also predicted to Colonel Marcum that he would not lightly bear the affront and injustice put upon him.

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Colonel Marcum went on to say that a few months after Ed Yoak had been buried when interest in the crime had somewhat abated, a tall, bowlegged, gangling, rusty-headed, freckled-faced Texas cowpuncher named Bubb Bartoe set up in the cattle business in the Osage Nation. It became known that he had been one of Houston Hancock's favorite cowpunchers. There was a rumor that Mr. Hancock, in a moment of indignation recounting the unjust treatment he had received in the Indian Territory, said, "Bubb, over at Fort Smith they made me swallow a big dose of Indian Territory justice and I didn't like it. How would you like to go up there and file a Texas counterclaim in the Cherokee Nation? You might develop into a cattleman, yourself." It was claimed that the United States Marshal's office in some way learned that about a month after the death of Ed Yoak, Bubb Bartoe received at Adair, Indian Territory, a draft for one thousand dollars. Bubb certainly became a Cherokee Nation cattleman and, in order to have an enrolled Cherokee citizen for a partner, made an arrangement with a one-eighth-blood Cherokee who lived in the Osage Nation.

"The partnership prospered and owned thousands of head of cattle. Then one day Bubb's partner died peaceably at home from typhoid fever, leaving a widow and several children and," said the Colonel, "it was the administrator of his estate who sued my client Bubb Bartoe. Three or four years had gone by and the herd had dwindled from thousands to hundreds. No administrator had been appointed as the widow had a good deal of confidence in Bubb. However one of her husband's friends, a Coffeyville banker, began to look into her affairs and had an administrator appointed with a suit instituted for an accounting. Bubb's regular lawyers got me to help try the case at Fort Smith. We proved that the herd had been destroyed by dengue fever, tuberculosis, hoof-and-mouth disease, lightning, wolves and coyotes, and by every other ailment or cause which kills cattle. We had some pretty good witnesses that Bubb had furnished, and everything looked pretty rosy."

"I must say that the Kansas lawyer, I believe his name was Bill Hackney, sprang a surprise on us. He had some pretty definite figures which the banker had got up disclosing that there were six or seven thousand head of cattle, lots of horses, saddles, and so on, owned by the partnership at the time of the death of Bartoe's partner. It was equally definite and certain that those numbers had dwindled to a few hundred. The explanation of the losses was at best somewhat vague and indefinite. The real question was the weight to be accorded to the testimony of Bubb Bartoe himself as he was the man who furnished most of the explaining. There was an atmosphere about him which was a bit unpleasant, sufficient to arouse the suspicion of sharp observers, but I thought that the jury would swallow his story. When I made my argument, I attempted to 'try' the Kansas lawyer and old John Brown, but I had a feeling that while the jury laughed and seemed to enjoy some of the old sure-fire expressions, they were somewhat unconvinced.

"Then this fellow Hackney got up and made the best short speech I ever heard in my life. He did not raise his voice; he didn't smile; he didn't gesticulate and he didn't orate. He merely said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the testimony and you have seen Mr. Bubb Bartoe and listened to him. It all depends on whether his story is credible, or not. Frankly, I do not know. We do know that the partnership owned thousands of head of cattle at the time of the death of one partner, and that now, under the exclusive management of Mr. Bubb Bartoe, there remains to his late partner's widow a half interest in only a few hundred head of cattle. Yes, it is true that I am a Kansas lawyer, but I am thinking of changing my residence and changing my occupation. I am considering moving to the Cherokee Nation, to go into the cattle business. I am giving it prayerful consideration although I am not a very religious man. I am glad, however, that one of your number, Brother Fletcher, who is a coal miner during the secular days of the week, is a minister of the gospel on the sabbath, because he—and I believe all of you—will be interested in my next point. When I move to the Cherokee Nation, to become a cattleman, I am going to become convicted of religion, and I expect to pray, daily and nightly; and when at night I offer my petitions for the safety of my family and my herds and flocks, I shall not pray that my cattle be protected by Providence against lightning stroke, the wolf, the coyote, the rattlesnake, the dengue fever, cattle tuberculosis, or hoof-and-mouth disease—I shall fear none of these dread scourges and epidemics. Instead, I shall pray, nightly and daily, that my herds and flocks will be protected from the Bubb Bartoe fever.'"

The Colonel ended the tale by saying, "The jury was out, it seemed to me, just about thirty seconds, and came back with a verdict for the plaintiff, for every penny the plaintiff asked for. The Bubb Bartoe fever was too much for them."

Poems on Postcards

For GBS's Ninetieth Birthday

What obsequies for dear old Shaw
Who lived outside the canon law?
Let's give him, to be truly Shavian,
All rites, including Scandinavian.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The Stage & Screen

Around the World in Eighty Days

IT WILL seem pretty graceless to suggest that Orson Welles should add still another skill to his amazing quota, but I must say that as well as writing, staging, acting in, and generally swirling his present show, if only he could also have written its music, the business would have been perfect. Rather than merely marvelous, as I think it is. Cole Porter's lyrics and tunes have done him no service whatsoever. By this time, I expect everyone knows that the show, a wild adaptation of the Jules Verne classic, is a true merry-go-round: including movies, magic, one elephant, an eagle, innumerable people roaming through the air, and the most useful witty treadmill set (by Robert Davison) I have ever seen. Unfortunately, on the part of Mr. Porter, it also presents a good many of the more sterile aspects of ordinary musical comedy. Only very occasionally does this music advance the plot; most often it hampers it, descending into long useless numbers supported by solo singing and mediocre dance. And when it is inherent, which is seldom, it is not remarkable.

One extremely interesting phenomenon in connection with this concerns Arthur Margetson's share of the vocal doings. In the chief rôle of Phileas Fogg (an extraordinarily good job, I think) he is delivered only two rather hackneyed Gilbert-Sullivan fixes, both of which carry forward the story and land us logically somewhere else. But, as he evidently cannot sing (or perhaps doesn't want to) he quite simply neatly nicely speaks them, and the effect is exactly right. So right, in fact, that I think it a thousand pities Mr. Welles bothered about singers and dancers at all. As he had so good a story, his only real essential should have been airs and verses which *actors* could handle, as indeed they can. In this manner, it seems to me, all the boring bruhaha of enormous orchestra and pseudo-operatic arrangements, which clutter his show, could have been avoided. In any case, I hope he will employ Mr. Margetson's effect again. We might then see some sort of style returned to the musical mess, and one certainly not dependent upon gigantica.

Although even gigantica is acceptable, if based on wit; and I am only sorry there isn't space to detail all the subtleties hurling around the stage of the Adelphi these evenings. Perhaps the most important, certainly the funniest, will be Irving Lerner's editing of the film end. His use of the old silent technique, which presents the characters first flickering through calamitous events on the screen, only to have the lights change, everything become colored and everyone suddenly *round*—is wonderful. Even the strange scratched shade of white of the old Chaplin movies is recaptured, and the jigging pace is exact. Aside from this, I must, I think, choose the elephant scene; the oriental circus; the uproarious finale. The miniature train wreck suffered a hiatus the night I was there, but I believe I will add that too, as being, somehow, perfectly Americanly funny.

For Mr. Welles himself—Dick Fix, the wire-sending, globular, Copper's Knark—there is no criticism: he is good. But I think I like him only *in character,* which, strangely enough, is probably his most difficult position to maintain. Here, his usual on-stage-though-not-in-the-play attack is not important; it is suitable. But I don't think the scheme is ever wholly useful. I think his arranged curtain speeches are merely silly, and even his hilarious appended magician's act seems somehow compulsive. Nevertheless, I hope he will go on playing "follow the leader" on Broadway for some time. Something will happen. (*At the Adelphi.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Breathes There a Man

SUCH an aura of reverence combined with blatant ballyhoo is surrounding the distribution of the movie *"Henry V"* in this country that it is difficult for a plain reviewer to cut his way through and approach the movie as a movie. Without any doubt much of "Henry V" is very good indeed, while some of it, like the opening sequences in the Globe Theater and the scenes showing Shakespeare's so-called clowns in action, struck me as a great bore. This is, of course, a purely personal opinion. There are many who laugh uproariously at the clowns (just as I laugh at the Marx Brothers) and doubtless many will find the film's first thirty minutes instructive and commendable for their educational values.

With this latter opinion I am not entirely in disagreement. Producer-director Laurence Olivier saw fit to start "Henry V" as if it was a play being presented in the Globe Theater. We see the audience and the actors—behind and on stage. The actors come out and recite the lines of Shakespeare's "King Henry, the Fifth." The effect is one of filmed theater and completely uncinematic. However, many will find this part of the film a rewarding lesson in Elizabethan stage craft. The play itself, in the meantime, progresses through the argument about the English claim to the French throne, and shows the arrival of the Dauphin's mocking gift of the tennis balls. This drama-within-the-film also includes some of the horseplay among Pistol, Nym and Bardolph—clowning that sends the audience-within-the-film into gales of laughter.

But once the sleeping swords of war are awakened, "for now sits Expectation in the air," the film goes into action and becomes a real movie. With the help of the Chorus (beautifully read by Leslie Banks) the scene moves from England, crosses the Channel and we are treated to some cinema as magnificent as any we've seen. The siege of Harfleur serves as an introduction to the gorgeously photographed battle scenes that follow later at Agincourt. Cinema has a way of excelling itself in portraying battle—particularly combat as seen in historical drama. The beauty of movement and pageantry in this film's Battle of Agincourt on Saint Crispin's Day stands with the best that cinema has produced from D. W.

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Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" to Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky."

But this would be a sorry film if its greatest achievement were only in showing colorfully the slaughter and misery at Agincourt. What you will remember much longer in "Henry V" are the beautiful scenes of the French Court (although they are more slanted against French character than Shakespeare intended), the two lovely scenes with Princess Katharine (the first is spoken in French, but is so well done that one can understand every meaning without actually knowing the language; and the second which shows Henry's wooing of Katharine is as delicate and heartwarming as any love scene throughout the entire history of movies or theater) and the incredibly beautiful night-before-battle scene in which Henry, alone and disguised, talks with his men. This night scene is for me the high point of the picture, and Olivier, as director and actor, handles it superbly. Of course Shakespeare deserves a little praise too; but Olivier's delivery of the "I think the King is but a man as I am" and the later "Upon the king" speeches will send shivers down your spine.

It is obvious that "Henry V" cannot be approached as a run-of-the-mill movie. Technically, except for its static opening, it is an excellent job. Its technicolor, particularly in the use of soft pastel colors, and its sets and costumes are a treat for the eye. Its music, composed by William Walton and conducted by Muir Mathieson, plus the Shakespeare poetry, which is among his best, are a treat for the ear. Alan Dent rates more than a nod for his intelligent editing of the play and so does Reginald Beck for his fine editing of the movie. (I wish both, however, could have been persuaded to cut out another twenty minutes, for the film is too long; and while they have handled the original well, they were not afraid to cut and change where necessary.) The acting is first-rate throughout; unfortunately the size of the good cast prevents my singling out names except to say that Laurence Olivier as Henry and Renee Asherson as Katharine give memorable performances.

Of the content, you who have read the play (it is seldom produced on the stage) will know what to expect. Anti-Britishers may have some cause to complain that the English are again praising themselves and shooting their tops off about their own wares. These anglophobes must be reminded, however, that Henry is leading the British and expects no one else to do their fighting. "Once more into the breach," he urges, "or close the wall up with our English dead." Furthermore Americans, under similar circumstances, might well be proud of an American play written about an American leader who was as great, pious and noble as this English King. And, furthermore, let us remember that it took the English to make this movie, the first Shakespeare-into-film that is real Shakespeare. Whether one enjoys an epic poem of this kind or whether it makes true cinema (as compared with a fast moving Western) is beside the point. "Henry V" is a courageous departure in motion pictures and deserves attention for its intellectual experience as well as its extraordinary achievement. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Strikes, Fact-Finding and Nationalization

THEY SAY in Washington that "to err is Truman." But if Washington is still Washington, and Truman is still human, then it seems almost certain that he will veto the Case Bill before this column gets into print. Even if he doesn't want to anyway. Which he probably does, particularly if he has recovered from the mood of desperation that produced the draft proposal.

The Case Bill richly deserves to be vetoed, although it is by no means as awful as most of the labor leaders so wildly maintain. The only thing in it, however, that would go any distance at all toward stopping the more serious type of strikes is the provision that would grant the President power to set up fact-finding commissions in disputes that affect public utilities.

In one vote the Senate refused pointblank to define "public utilities," so that it is possible that such things as coal, oil, shipping and maybe even food supply could find room under the tent. This column has been strong for fact-finding and this has brought forth some friendly criticism from Francis Downing, assistant educational director of the United Auto Workers, CIO. Brother Downing says that it is "naive" to put your faith in fact-finding boards because, after all, it was against the decision of just such a board that the locomotive engineers and railroad trainmen went out on strike, with such explosive results.

This is a good point. But if the railroad fact-finders had been acceptable to the unions, a precaution suggested here in every discussion of this question, then it is much more likely that their decision would also have been acceptable to Brothers Whitney and Johnston. It is most significant, as Louis Stark has pointed out in the *Times*, that one of Truman's recent mistakes has been his ignoring of the objections pressed by railroad labor to the make-up of his fact-finding panels. As a matter of fact, though, what actually happened was that Truman him-

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self made another finding of fact—namely, that the railroads should pay 2½ cents extra in lieu of rule changes for a period of one year. And Brothers Whitney and Johnston found that they had to accept it whether they would or no.

In the coal strike, also known as "the Lewis trouble," it was another brand of fact-finding that finally put an end to the thing. In this case Secretary Krug did the job when he drew up what he thought was a fair contract for the period of government operation. And you can be pretty sure that the operators will have to accept Mr. Krug's "facts" before John L. Lewis will let the miners go to work for them again. We have also had fact-finding in the GM strike, the steel strike, the oil strike, the meat strike, and in every case (GM included) it served as the more or less exact pattern of the final settlement. In shipbuilding it prevented a general strike. It may yet prevent another disastrous strike on the waterfront.

The question is this: as long as fact-finding will be used eventually in any labor dispute that seriously affects the national interest, why shouldn't it be used right at the beginning? Not exactly at the beginning, of course, but certainly at the beginning of that stage wherein it has become evident that pure collective bargaining is a flop.

In the labor movement these days there is a lot of righteous indignation and there is a lot of wild, irresponsible talk about Truman being "the number one strikebreaker of America," as the executive board of the UAW recently put it. Truman has made plenty of mistakes, but if American labor leaders think that the people of this country are going to let Truman, or any other president, stand around and do nothing about the present labor situation, then they have lost their capacity for accurate observation and logical reasoning. And let's not pretend that Roosevelt would have stood around either.

Phil Murray, for example, sent an eloquent appeal to the President to veto the Case Bill, and with it he sent an analysis of the bill by Lee Pressman. Both documents made some excellent points, but in neither one was there one simple proposal of a constructive nature as to what the U.S. government should do to stop or discourage this recurring paralysis of our national economy. The only thing suggested was the passage of the 65-cent minimum, better unemployment insurance, better housing, health and social security bills.

All of these bills are necessary and should have been passed long, long ago, but if Phil Murray would point out how their passage could have prevented just one of the strikes mentioned above, then this writer for one would be extremely grateful.

It is true that fact-finding alone can never be the complete answer. Even if the fact-finders had been more acceptable, Whitney and Johnston might still have been dissatisfied with their decision. Human nature being what it is, there are going to be bad decisions and there are going to be good decisions that are turned down either by labor or capital. Other remedies are called for.

One of them is certainly the immediate creation by the government of a system of Industry Councils, an industrial democracy that will bring labor into the picture not just once a year, and then in a fighting mood, but every day of the year. Only where labor is permitted to sit down *as a partner* with employers and government to help work out all the problems of pay, price, profits and production—only then will we begin to dispel the black fog of class conflict and antagonism that now prevails. (An antagonism, mind you, that is far more the choice and responsibility of employers than it is of labor.) If Murray had remembered his own Industry Council plan when he wrote to Truman, his plea to veto the Case Bill would have been far more convincing.

Even that, however, will not be enough. The time has come for us to give much more serious thought to the question of nationalizing "public utilities." One of the good effects of the victory of Catholic parties in the French and Italian elections has been to convince Americans, including Catholic Americans, that "nationalization" is not exclusively a battle cry for socialists and communists. No less an authority than Pius XI has defined the principle for us in *Quadragesimo Anno,* where he points out that there are certain forms of property which carry with them far too much power to be safely entrusted to the hands of private individuals.

Just what these forms were he left to us to figure out for ourselves, but a study of American strikes over the last six months should go far toward helping us along. The telephone system, the telegraph system, electric light and power, public transportation—these are surely a minimum for either national, state or municipal ownership. And by the way, Whitney of the trainmen came out for government ownership of the railroads only a few weeks ago. Whether he feels the same way now that he has tangled with the government is of course another question.

Also by the way, it is interesting to note that back in the old days before 1920, when Lewis took over the United Mine Workers, conventions of the UMW regularly called for nationalization of the mines. Since then little has happened to prove that the sickness of that industry, from whose violent effects we have suffered so often, can be cured by any other means. Oil is another possibility. Also shipping. Steel would seem to be going too far.

In nationalized industries there could naturally not be the same right to strike that workers enjoy in private industry. But if so, workers in these industries should be compensated by the receipt of civil service status, with all its benefits, and by a system of arbitration that would do justice to all.

Fact-finding, industry councils, nationalization. Would anything else be necessary? Yes—the patience of a saint and the charity of an archangel. JOHN C. CORT.

Books of the Week

The Wilson Era: Years of War and After, 1917-1923. *Josephus Daniels. North Carolina.* $4.00.

THE SECRETARY of the Navy from March, 1913, to March, 1921, has added another volume to his saga about Wilson. The first one dealt with the years of peace, 1910-1917. This second volume has all the virtues and all the faults of an old man's book. Mr. Daniels still has a reverence for Wilson that at times definitely interferes with calm appraisal. He likes to quote such a prophecy as the one that Wilson made in 1919 on behalf of the League: "I can predict with absolute certainty that within another generation there will be another world war if the nations of the world do not concert the method by which to prevent it." Mr. Daniels thinks that only a great mind could have phrased such

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a statement. Actually, Wilson would have been dull indeed if he had not so spoken. Dozens of other thoughtful men said the same thing in 1919. Scores of them are repeating it today. Unfortunately, no particular attention is being paid to them. Our own nation is working desperately on its suicidal plaything, the atomic bomb, and is not displaying the sincere interest that some of us would like in avoiding the possibility of national destruction within the next ten years.

Apart from this irritating worship, the book has considerable merit. True, there is much hearsay in it. Daniels is no professional historian. He is inclined to believe what he likes to believe, and he allows the years that have intervened since 1919 to influence his judgment considerably. Noteworthy, though, is his definite conviction that Wilson would not have recommended that we enter the war had it not been for the resumption on January 31, 1917, of unrestricted submarine warfare. Daniels maintains that Wilson was not thinking of saving England and France, but simply of upholding what he believed to be international law. Extremely revealing material is given on many phases of Wilson's character, on the reasons for the break between Lansing and Wilson, on the Paris Peace Conference, on the work of House, whom Daniels disliked, and on the rejection of the peace treaty. The fifty-seven chapters of the big book, 654 pages, sparkle with life. If you do not necessarily agree with all the decisions of the author, you will at least admit that Daniels has brought back those far off days as few writers have been able to do.

PAUL KINIERY.

Year One. Elizabeth Delehanty. Dutton. $2.50.

IT WOULD be possible to read "Year One" to know which lunatic in a group of seriously sick veterans in a military hospital has chosen in his own made way to murder the dying as a way of cheating death. It could be read also as a love story drawn rather sketchily yet with feeling. But the story has essential originality in its acute study of mutism in a soldier profoundly wounded by grief and horror. Physical perfection united with deep mental disturbance is a condition so mysterious that it is no cause for wonder that medical men should differ radically and permanently regarding its therapy. In the treatment of Andy Locke coming from the Burma campaign mute, wounded and with uncertainty in his record as to the origins of his condition, an exciting and meaningful struggle arises between Dr. Mosley, wholly dependent on physical methods, and Dr. Thorne, relying entirely on psychological techniques. Dr. Mosley thinks cure comes from pain, physical pain, while Dr. Thorne looks to love to reach and eradicate this disease of the soul. Both methods have worked according to the annals of medical science and the cure is instantaneous when a cure occurs. The permanency of the cure is at stake, for relapse often happens and is believed by Dr. Thorne to be traceable always to the fundamental error of searching out this disease on a materialistic principle which at bottom implies that mutism is nothing but a physical brain set to be dislodged by physical shock. On the materialistic principle, mutism is really malingering. To believe it so is a deep and inhuman error according to the story of "Year One."

"Year One" is a protest against brutalism and materialism in dealing with our countless thousands of wounded veterans. It strikes a firm blow with technical rightness in favor of right understanding of the call which the mentally sick necessarily make upon the well; and especially upon the medical profession to whose care they are necessarily committed.

The climactic scene of this book shows dramatically the blunting of moral sense found among soldiers who have suffered prolonged exposure to the violence of battle. Like the vigilantes of our frontier days, these men want justice, but they distrust the long deliberations and human imperfections of the courts of law. They have been trained to violence and they have survived through violence. The means of choice for them is still violence.

Two normal characters have knowledge of what happens in this terrible scene. A nurse witnesses most of it. She attempts to pray. A doctor learns of it after the event. Considering that rough justice has been done and believing that disclosure of the facts would put in jeopardy recovery of mental health for the men involved he decides in favor of silence.

"Year One" is a war book in appearance only. In truth it is an absorbing tale of the spirit of man off center and striving to gain hold on some small patch of comfort and joy.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

That Hideous Strength. C. S. Lewis. Macmillan. $3.00.

IN THESE barbarous days writers can make much use of the devil. One of his favorite guises is that of the anti-natural, anti-septic bureaucracy, a kind of big cousin to fascism. Since Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," history has given the novelists a great deal more material with which to fill up the theme.

C. S. Lewis has plunged in with a vengeance. He calls his novel "a 'tall story' about devilry." It is so tall, as a matter of fact, that it crashes to the ground, long before page 459. I doubt if it is possible to do justice to the plot in the confines of a book review. Perhaps it is enough to say that the war between good and evil, life and living death, is fought out in England for the benefit of man's universe. Ranged on the side of the battalions of darkness is a band of criminal scientists who set up an institution with which to conquer man and turn nature into a machine to be worked for their purposes. On the side of light is a small number of men and women under the leadership of an ageless man who has been to Mars and Venus and directs the fight with the assistance of certain spirits called "eldils," who put him in a very intimate touch with the powers beyond the world.

The novel is woven together, if it can be, by the adventures of a young college teacher and his wife who are drawn into the battle on opposite sides and finally come together again. The end is blissful. Merlin, Dr. Merlin Ambrosius to you, comes out of a centuries old tomb to enlist on the right side. Elephants dance; bears copulate, in private; the pigs run loose in the garden.

The novel is written in educated, donnish prose but I doubt that it contains much that would be unfamiliar to a reader of Buck Rogers. It also has elements of Graham Greene, H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, Alfred Hitchcock and M. R. James.

"Hideous Strength" is an allegory, as well as a fairy tale and a tall story. Dig hard and you may find: nostalgia for the nineteenth century, nostalgia for the Elizabethans, love of the real England, dislike of marxism, materialism and Dali. But those are the author's personal bents. So much is involved in the battle that you

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can probably allegorise any action or situation that you find. Still, the novel is so much fun that I don't believe readers will stop for allegory.

JOHN HAY.

Major Trends in American Church History. Francis X. Curran, S.J. America. $2.50.

IN THIS interesting apologetic manual, which aims to give some attention to non-Catholic churches as part of American church history, the author maintains that the Catholic Church has been eminently successful in the United States, that it holds a preeminent position, and that losses, at least in quantity, have been grossly exaggerated, though "while the Catholic Church was in a process of construction, it undoubtedly suffered some leakage in church membership." As one looks around in high places and academic circles and over recent immigrant peoples, there seems to be an opportunity for a supplement to Bishop Shaughnessy's valuable study of two decades ago, "Has the Immigrant Kept the Faith?" While sectarian churches see their pews half vacant, it can hardly be intimated that they have failed when the members of their oldest denominations have set the pattern of American life and dominate the controlling political, industrial and educational institutions of the land.

In a small book there is danger of over-simplification in handling controversial movements like the origins and types of the non-Catholic churches or the success of the Catholic Church in Latin America. Father Curran is quite right in his reference to the Declaration of Independence when he writes: "Some Catholics like to think that the principles underlying the Revolution were taken directly from Scholastic philosophers. The evidence behind this claim, however, is weak." As to the failure of the Catholic Church to evangelize the frontier, the author quite rightly stresses the burdensome task of administering to the seaboard cities and adds, "Nor could the Catholic Church flood the borderlands with evangelists by a practice of elevating illiterate exhorters to the sacred ministry."

The chapters on No Popery and the Negro Problem are especially interesting as is the author's thesis on the growing intimacy of the Protestant sects with liberal theology, wealth and the bourgeoisie. On the other hand, Father Curran observes:

> In brilliant contrast to the Protestant dereliction was the record of Catholicism. While the Protestant churches were following the middle class Americans to the suburbs and the better residential wards of the cities, the Catholic Church, with small means and at great expense—for slum property is notoriously expensive—erected churches and schools to care for the inhabitants of the lower-class districts.

There is a tendency to overrate Cahenslyism, Americanism, and the so-called Old Catholic episode in Wisconsin. Concluding chapters consider "The End of Protestant Creeds" and the "Catholic Church in Twentieth Century America," in seven pages. An appendix lists the bulk of the Protestants' denominations with the year of their foundation in America. RICHARD J. PURCELL.

A Pocketful of Pebbles. Jan Struther. Harcourt. $3.50.

"NO, I AM not Mrs. Miniver—I *write* Mrs. Miniver," was once Jan Struther's standard statement, but after a while she began to "wonder rather uneasily if it wouldn't be truer to say 'Mrs. Miniver writes *me*.'" Certainly the suggestion that there is nothing in a name was never more practically refuted in dollars and cents than when Hollywood signed a well-wadded check for a book of which they used only the title. Literary history was in the making when Peter Fleming of the London *Times* sent for Jan Struther and suggested that she write a series about "an ordinary sort of woman," giving her an hour in which to think of an unreal sort of name beginning in *M,* and Jan, meeting a furrier's boy in the street, began to con over to herself the names of furs used in heraldry. Then and there was created in the *Times's* office a character of uncanny potency who has a tendency to impinge upon the life of her creator.

Practically everything ever written or spoken publicly by the author seems to be included in the present collection. It is as if Jan Struther were challenging Mrs. Miniver whose name appears only once in the index. I'm afraid Mrs. Miniver wins. Jan Struther had written for the *Spectator* before she was engaged by the *Times,* but she had been too well brought up to make copy out of her own family. Mrs. Miniver broke down her inhibitions and presented her with a household in which she could move about freely. Just as the best casual paper in "Pebbles" is a very personal adventure of Jan and her husband in Catalonia ("Philosopher in a Pinewood") so the hints at intimacy give "Mrs. Miniver" charm.

Verse is also intermingled in the present volume with some addresses delivered in America which seem a bit desiccated without the freshness of Miss Struther's pleasant delivery. Short stories are in it too, of which the best is a ghost story called "Griffins." "A Pocketful of Pebbles" will be sought out by the admirers of Mrs. Miniver (of which I am one), but some of the pebbles might better have been allowed to slip through the publishers' fingers. E. V. R. WYATT.

Delta Wedding. Eudora Welty. Harcourt. $2.75.

FEW STORIES have the quiet, pervasive charm and the real, vibrant beauty of Eudora Welty's new novel, "Delta Wedding." Miss Welty is a regional writer, writing about the locale around her native home, Jackson, Mississippi. Although "The Robber Bridegroom" and the utterly different "The Curtain of Green" served notice that Miss Welty was a gifted and clever writer, there was, for me, in both of these the somewhat tantalizing feeling that the author was holding something in abeyance, that what she was displaying was merely a sample of greater abilities. But in "Delta Wedding" Eudora Welty has given herself a much larger canvas and she summons all her versatile talent and capability to fashion a study in which she delicately fuses, in what seems an effortless manner, all the responsive, tender and searching strands that were sensed but still hidden in her writing before.

The time is 1923 and "Delta Wedding" tells of a very special week in the life of a large, wealthy and deeply rooted cotton family, one of whose daughters is about to be married. Beneath the hustling activity and furious preparation, this family is mildly antagonistic to the wedding because they feel that their daughter is marrying someone quite socially inferior. However, there is nothing explosive about this opposition and just as one of the uncles, perhaps a symbol of a new liberal gentility, is happily married to a town girl, so too this girl may succeed in her untraditional marriage.

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This is Miss Welty's story, simple and uncomplicated and, in so far as plot is ordinarily conceived, without one. And yet, largely through the channel of the narrative, there flows a stream of motives, of sentiments, of desires. What seems to be of primary concern to the author is to explore and to explain the complex reactions of this large family group to the approaching event. This she does, not only by dialogue and direct exposition, but also by allowing the story slowly to filter through the minds of the actors in the form of silent soliloquies in which each discloses his feelings about the past, the present or the future. This method involves a constant shifting back and forth so that conversation, action, description, and introspection do not fall in a normal fictional pattern. While this tends to slow the narrative, it enables the author to go deep into the minds and moods of her people; thus each of the characters becomes a distinct and separate personality and never a bulky or meaningless type. This is especially true of the eight children, each of whom exhibits a quick and animated charm which is his own.

Being a sensitive writer, Miss Welty depends for her ultimate effect on her ability to reproduce vividly and well the finely shaded impressions of this colorful, fragrant land. "Flocks of birds flew up from the fields, the little filly went delightedly through the wet path, breasting and breaking the dewy nets of spider webs. Opening morning glories were turned like eyes on her pretty feet. The occasional fences smelled sweet, their darkened wood swollen with night dew, like sap, and following her progress the bayou rustled within, ticked and cried. The sky was softly blue all over, the last rim of sunrise cloud melting into it like the foam on fresh milk."

"Delta Wedding" might well be considered a kind of flavorous antidote to the harsh and sordid realistic fiction that has grown up about the South in recent years.

LOUIS A. COLLINS.

The Great Divorce. C. S. Lewis. Macmillan. $1.50. "IT IS NOT growing like a tree in bulk that makes men better be." And Mr. C. S. Lewis is an exquisite miniaturist, a worker in the finest of enamels and ivories. Here is a wise and witty tract for the times: you take a bus from Hell to the suburbs of Heaven, and there you are given the same old choice again: in fact, as there is no such thing as time, for all eternity hell is forever making the wrong choice, heaven is forever making the right one. Reincarnation, the Hindus teach, is not a punishment, but a deliberate choice. You have certain lusts that can best be fulfilled in the body of a dog; it is you yourself that then incline so strongly to the dog's body that it is given you. You have a certain quality of stinginess here, that makes of you willingly an ant hereafter; a certain frivolity, and you are gladly a butterfly. The Council of Chalcedon condemned the doctrine of metempsychosis; but the will to the satisfaction of certain animal appetites only ourselves can condemn, and only here and now. If we take that with us when we go, we will have a very hard time sloughing it hereafter, warns Mr. Lewis. And he shows us this so gently, so sweetly, with that same awful naïveté and clarity that the child had who saw the naked Emperor when all the courtiers admired his new clothes. It is very pleasant to find George Macdonald as Mr. Lewis's guide to heaven: the great nineteenth century mystic and his twentieth century successor are a delightful pair of heavenly sight-seers of celestial trippers.

American Saint

Amid the splendor of St. Peter's in Rome on July 7th the ceremony raising Mother Cabrini to sainthood will take place. This noble woman, whose virtues were peace and humility, is our first American saint. She is also the first saint to be canonized in the reign of His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

If you haven't had the opportunity to read about this modern-day saint and her thrilling story of missionary enterprise, read Lucille Papin Borden's book, FRANCESCA CABRINI: *Without Staff or Scrip. $2.75.*

Mrs. Borden expertly manages to get both the worker and the woman down on paper with the right amount of mysticism. Her fervent and devout account of the life of a saint, whose work stemmed directly from her absolute faith in God, is a warm, human story, dominated throughout by Mother Cabrini's charming personality.

Two other titles which bring joy to our hearts are: EXILE IN THE STARS by J. J. Donohue and CARMELITE AND POET by Robert Sencourt. The first was a dual selection of *The Catholic Book Club* and has continued in sales since its publication, despite its classical and literary allusions. For the liturgically minded, its creative excellence and poetic beauty will be of interest, and poetry lovers everywhere will think of it with pleasant satisfaction.

Mr. Sencourt's able study of St. John of the Cross will do much to encourage the many spiritually minded persons who are attracted by his renown. Thru it they will be brought to realize that the writings of St. John are not the work of a mere visionary sentimentalist, but rather the writings of a man with a trained mind and much practical experience, acquainted with human infirmity in all its phases. It has a message for all those who acknowledge that their destiny with regard to God is "to know Him, to love Him and to serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next."

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Blood in the Streets. Albert C. Hicks. Creative Age. $2.75.

THIS BOOK is subtitled "The Life and Rule of Trujillo"—Rafael Trujillo, the dictator-president of the Dominican Republic. In his preface Mr. Hicks warns that this is no ordinary biography. It is the indictment of a scoundrel, and is intended to arouse the American people to a consciousness of the plight of their Caribbean neighbors.

Since it is admittedly propaganda, it must be judged as propaganda, not as biography. So judging, it would seem that Mr. Hicks's book suffers from two defects. First of all, in the heat of his own righteous indignation, he overshoots his target. If there was one lesson that propagandists learned from the late war, it is that horror stories, even true ones, can be overdone. There is a point at which honest fury becomes dampened by its own ashes. As villainy is piled on villainy, the first flare of crusading anger gives place to a kind of callous distaste.

That is apt to be the reader's reaction to "Blood in the Streets." Trujillo's rascality is too lacking in relief. His picture emerges from these pages with no more reality than that of a horror character in a comic book. It has been said that even the worst sinner spends more time doing good than he does doing evil. Trujillo would seem much worse if he had not been painted here quite so bad.

A second fault of the book is lack of documentation. To be effective, propaganda needs documentation even more than does biography. There are too many stories of the type found on page 106: An unnamed Army captain in an unnamed town suddenly, in the presence of his wife, stabs to death an old family servant on orders from Trujillo. It may be perfectly true. Yet it has the familiar ring of those sensational stories which Caribbean Latins love to tell about unpopular characters.

Despite these obvious shortcomings, the main thesis of "Blood in the Streets" would seem to be well proven: "Trujillo delenda est." He rose to power with the help of US Marines; he has perpetuated himself with help from our own State Department; if he is to be upset, the leverage must come from outside the Dominican Republic. Incidentally, the book is a good short-course in Latin-American politics.

LEO J. TRESE.

Saint Paul, Apostle and Martyr. Igino Giordani. Translated by Mothers Williamson and Maranzana. Macmillan. $2.50.

"TO PAUL, Apostle, Martyr" are the words cut in stone on the tomb of Saint Paul in Rome. No more appropriate title could be given a book which so portrays the life and work of the firebrand that was Paul, who was driven restlessly through the world by his love of Christ, racing ceaselessly to tell all nations the good news. Any and all means were put to work: he wrote Christ, preached Christ, formed Christ. He introduced Christ to all classes: slave and freeman, rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, Greek and Jew, the intellectual and the unlettered. His polished and profound epistles might make us overlook his ruggedness of character, the simplicity of his life, his innate humility. This book will make us recall that Paul was, above all, an Apostle, "one sent" to preach the Word, the Son of God.

The author tells us that the impulse to write this life "sprang above all from the marvelous words of Christ to Saul, summoning him to an apostolate which would mean for him great suffering, and would finally end in martyrdom." The purpose of the work is "to inspire some

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readers who have not yet done so, to study for themselves, and in the letters themselves, Saint Paul." With his background as teacher, jouralist and writer, Mr. Giordani, at present associated with the Vatican Library, was thoroughly qualified for his task. He was fortunate in getting Archbishop Cushing to write the Foreword of the English translation and in having Mothers Williamson and Marazana do the translating.

The contents: I. The Persecutor Becomes an Apostle; II. The First Voyage, A.D. 45-49; III. The Second Voyage, A.D. 51-53; IV. The Third Voyage, A.D. 54-58; The Church and the Mystical Body; VI. Rome and Jerusalem, A.D. 6163; VII. Paul in Chains at Rome; VIII. Paul in Rome, A.D. 61-63; IX. Paul and Seneca; X. The Martyrdom of Paul; XI. Paul's Character; XII. The Works of Saint Paul.

The familiar story of the conversion of the Pharisee Saul into the Apostle Paul is vividly presented; it will long remain with the reader: "'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' 'Who art thou, Lord?' 'I am that Jesus who thou persecutest.' The reply was a new outburst of light for the youth kneeling in the dust of the road, plunged into the darkness that succeeded such great brilliance and glory. He had believed Jesus to be an enemy of God. Now Jesus presented Himself to Saul with unmistakable signs of divinity. Saul understood, in a confused way, that in every follower of His, in each and all of those men and women Saul had put in chains, he had chained and persecuted Jesus. Everything about him seemed to be crumbling; his boldness as well as his strength were shattered. Lying in the dust, all his Pharisaical self-assurance rebelled, until his love for the Most High God overcame his pride, and surrendering, he moaned: 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?'"

There follow the call, the preparation in the desert (of which most are unaware), his visit to Peter, and then preaching Christ and Him crucified. There were left to Paul twenty-three years of Apostolic life crowned by five years in prison. Even in prison he remained the Apostle writing his churches, consulting, and being consulted. Paul sums up his own ministry: "Thrice I was scourged, once I was stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I was adrift on the sea, in journeyings often, in perils from floods, in perils from robbers, in perils in the city, in perils from the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren, in labor and fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those outer things, there is my daily pressing anxiety, the care of all the Churches."

His journeys took him over the whole known world: Perge, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe on the first journey; Syria, Cilicia, Pisidia, Galatia, Troas, Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea on the second and third journeys. He had conceived the bold plan of systematic evangelization of every large city where the Gospel had not been preached by the other Apostles and he was straitened, as the Master had been, until it be accomplished.

Although chosen by divine revelation to be "a vessel of election" to the Gentiles, Paul always began his preaching among the Jews. He would go to the synagogue on the Sabbath to prove Christ the Messias. When the inevitable division came, he took his group to another meeting place. When Judaizers caught up with him, he was usually arrested and scourged or beaten. Yet somehow he always managed to escape—once by being let

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down in a basket over the city wall—and continue his preaching in the next city. "They could beat him, stone him, and nearly tear him to pieces in their attempt to lynch him, but as soon as he left their hands, he calmly adjusted his tunic, wiped the blood and sweat from his face, and began to speak to the first person he met, not of himself, but of Christ." The man who traveled this Odyssey of Christ in search of souls was diminutive in stature and infirm in health, constantly suffering from weak eyes, but an imperial soul inhabited his frail physique.

He foiled the efforts of Judaizers, dissenters, and false brethren for over twenty years during which he founded numerous churches and cared for them as a hen does for her chicks. At length there came a time when he fell into their hands for good. Just as when he had been stoned, he rose to preach, so now when he was arrested, he continued to preach; when he made the unforgettable voyage to Rome in chains, he continued to preach; when he was in prison, he continued to preach.

There are numerous little gems in the book describing Paul the Apostle. "Paul's life was a full one. He gave himself wholly to Christ, allowing Christ to possess him totally, and he was intent on the service of Christ day and night. On he marched, climbing mountains, crossing plains, sailing over seas; resolute and indomitable, seeing Christ in all things, dead to all things else."

The Epistles of Saint Paul are handled extremely well. They are fitted into their historical setting and synopsized expertly. In this way they are spread throughout the book. Only two chapters have a preponderance of doctrinal and moral material which is, the author advises us, Saint Paul's and not his own. Accordingly the book can be read with fruit by the housewife and the businessman as well as by the student and the theologian. Each will inevitably be inflamed by Paul's love of Christ.

A map indicating the path Paul took on his journeys would have been an invaluable addition to the book. More numerous references cited would make the book more valuable for readers who are not too conversant with Saint Paul's Epistles. As a scholar Mr. Giordani followed the sources closely; he presents us with Paul himself. Additional references would make this clearer. Finally, the index makes the book doubly valuable, but it is not detailed enough in treating important words like "Paul," "Rome," "Jerusalem," and it fails to indicate where the analyses of the various epistles can be found.

HILARY L. BROZOWSKI.

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